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Judge

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OUTPLAYED!

Champion Blaine beats the English Prime Minister at his own little game.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor*.

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The JUDGE *is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, and by the American Newspaper agency at 15 King William street, Strand, W. C., London.*

MRS. STANLEY votes with the majority. She says her husband is grand.

* * *

IT IS an expressive remark of the Atlanta *Journal* that the Georgia boycott is too dead to skin.

* * *

"WE SEEM to be in for a roasting," says the editor of the Boston *Traveller*. Dear sir, it is never too late to mend.

* * *

MR. ROSSA, late of the undeveloped Irish republic, is selling cigars, and it is thought by some that they are not loaded.

* * *

THE MAID of Democracy on Grover and David—"If one dear charmer were away I'd be very unhappy with the other."

* * *

SOMEBODY said the speaker was "a broken Reed" after the X. M. C. article. Well, he seems to have pulled himself together again.

* * *

MR. JONASSON will stand trial for having said "I cough at the emperor." If he had said "I bite my thumb at his majesty" he would have been drawn and quartered.

* * *

THEY SAY that a thousand lives were lost in one fight in Buenos Ayres. Foolish revolutionists! Up here our ammunition is expended in talk and the result is fixed at the ballot-box.

* * *

THIS COUNTRY will not again have a civil war; but if there is ever trouble with England or any other power the four sections of it will be so united that such minor things as states will be unthought of until it is necessary to look for them on the map.

* * *

WE CAN easily believe Mr. Platt's alleged statement that he was tired and would retire from politics; but men are as they are made, and if politics doesn't die he will retire from it some three months after he has learned how to work his angelic wings.

* * *

H. WATTERSON wrote twenty columns protesting against the Lodge bill, and all the response in Kentucky was, "Hush up, you blazing brawler! Come back to your mint." And now Henry returns and says with undiminished enthusiasm that he wots not and never mint what he said.

* * *

MR. KEMMLER regretted frequently that the law had saved him from a previous death. It was certainly cruelty; and yet the doctors are guilty of that thing oftener than the lawyers. However late or early one may die, it is quite likely that one regrets not having done it before.

* * *

A TRAVELER says that in Guatemala City the guests of a hotel are called in the morning by flies—that is to say, the transom is opened and the flies enter and bite. It has been our impression for some time back that the Guatemala system was in vogue every hour of the day and night in every hotel and private house in this and the suburban towns.

DURING THE VISIT OF ENLIGHTENMENT.

LIEUTENANT MAUNDY—"The great white prince has asked you to his stone kraal to eat with his family."

MWAGANDA OF CONGO—"It is good. Ask him if he is to serve up that little fat one."

ANDY'S LIBERTY AS A SERVANT.

PRESIDENT JACKSON bought a horse. He had several horses in his stables, but that horse seemed to suit him best. Presently there arose the question, "Why did he buy that horse?" There were a few courteous replies, but they didn't seem to answer the purpose. It appeared that the horse was a new kind of horse. There was a syndicate of horse-dealers that had imported this breed of animal, and it thought that if the president drove his new horse it would thereby advertise itself. "Do you belong to this syndicate?" asked a thousand men and women interested in horses. "What did you give for the horse? Do you like him? Is he spavined or knock-kneed? Does he take his oats regularly? Do you think he lies down when he sleeps? Have his teeth been filed? Are there flies on him when he has his blanket off? What profit, if any, have you made on the purchase? Don't you think you could have got a better horse for less money?" For a long time President Jackson was courteous and smoked his cob pipe with equanimity; but finally he said to his private secretary with some irritability, "You tell those fellows that I'm as much a sovereign as they are, and like them I buy and sell and go and stay as suits my pleasure, and it's none of their blank business." The questions and the buzzing went on, for it was a season of heat and silliness; but President Jackson resumed his cob pipe and smoked as comfortably as if there had been no impertinence whatever.

GO SLOW, JOHN.

MR. WANAMAKER must be more careful. That which used to be indecent is now merely educational. The modern burglar burgles to teach the world how to cope with the ingenuity of crime; and the modern writer writes, not to get a sale for his books, but to familiarize the public with theories which perhaps lead to crime, but which create discussion. Let us have more liberty for the press and the educated criminal.

MR. BEHRING'S SEA.

THE QUESTION with John Bull, according to the Buffalo *Express*, is whether to lose Canada or fight Jonathan. Seems to us the question is whether to do right or lose Canada and take a whipping too; and in case of a fight there would presently be more Canadians for Jonathan than John. But there will be no fight; for Mr. Blaine's pen, to quote a distinguished authority or two, is mighty and must prevail.

STAMP THE GREAT CRIME OUT!

THE EARNEST WORDS of President Harrison against the great crime of the state which somebody calls Lotterania are timely and will prove effective. The country cannot afford this blot upon its fame. Men who make laws for the nation, and men who make them for states, must see to it that that great system of robbery is destroyed. It has lived long enough to buy the honor of one state. It must not buy that of others, and the nation must set foot on it as it does on all smaller national iniquity.

LET THEM HAVE PEACE.

WE MUST ask the people of the Central American republics to get calm. Nothing is more discouraging during a period of effort for a better continental understanding than the violent kicking of the military or the other revolutionary toe against government as it exists—the same being not a theory, but a fact. It is well enough to kick with the mouth—the term is not as absurd as it seems—but that exercise with the gun is not in sympathy with the ballot system which prevails right here, and which is effective in every instance. We look for much continental progress in South America as a result of the pan-American congress; but meanwhile the South and Central American fire-eater must put down his gun, as our more immediate fire-eaters have learned to do.

ON THE ROCKS AT NEWPORT.

CATHARINE—"Those townspeople have been sitting in that same place every evening for a week now."
MARGARET—"They've heard that Prince George was expected, and she asked him just now if the galley would have silk sails, like Cleopatra's."

IT WOULD be embarrassing if young Mrs. Smith should insist that her letters have only that direction, because what would the more venerable Mrs. Smith do?"

* * *

ASSASSINATION openly talked in a South Carolina congressional election and nobody surprised? That is very good argument for the Lodge bill, to say nothing of the assassinations that have already occurred.

* * *

WE ARE PLEASED to observe that Governor Hill saved a man from drowning at Normandie recently. That is, he had a portion of the salutary rope in his power, and helped to haul the man in hand over hand.

* * *

SUCH LEADING Democratic papers as the Albany *Times* and the Rochester *Union* say in effect to the southern Democratic press on the boycott question, "Hush up, you howling idiots! Don't you see we want an issue?

HEROIC ASSISTANCE.

MISS ROORABACK—"Just help me to mount, won't you Tommy?"
COUSIN TOM—"With pleasure! There you go."

THERE ARE comparatively few Americans in China, and they can better suffer exclusion from that country than eighty millions of people can suffer the opening of our doors to five hundred millions of Chinamen. There is a little matter of protection here.

HOW THEY BOYCOTTED.

IT IS REALLY remarkable what good sense the southern Democratic press has. The moment it found that the boycott business was such obvious rot that it excited the ridicule and rebuke of its friends throughout the north, it turned on its heels with such celerity that it stepped on every particle thereof. Time heals all wounds, but the bleeding afterpart of the white southern political foot is as sensitive from long injury as the shin of the southern Ethiop. It is good sense to know when to run away, and there hasn't been such a display of that wisdom since the ride of Jefferson Davis from Richmond to his last revolutionary ditch.

MISS ROORABACK (*shrilly*)—"O-o-o-o-wow-o!"

COUSIN TOM—"I beg ten thousand pardons, but I won the heavy-hammer-throwing handicap last week, and haven't got out of training yet."

AMPLY PROTECTED.

BAD BOY OF THE CLASS—"If you're th' new school-master, jest drop that bag an' git ready fer a lickin'. We always begin that way."

NEW ARRIVAL—"But I ain't your new school-master. My name's McLarkin, an' I've jest come up from Rio Janeeryo with a pet iguana. Any of you fellers want 'r buy him?"

HUM OF THE COURT.

NO, the Democrats have not got together. We hear no shrieks of pain and no clashing of clubs.

REMARK of the New York bluffer who died and went there in July—"You don't call this hot, do you?"

THE EDITOR of a morning paper in Georgia has thirty-seven children. We think the morning paper is the best.

EVE'S FIRST REMARK—"Go and put on your clothes, you bad man! Why, I haven't even been introduced to you."

THE NATURAL condition of a hammock is wrong side out, and he is a truly agile man who occupies anything more lofty than the ground below it.

WHEN SUCH an actress as Miss Eastlake says her diamonds have been stolen one is almost persuaded to believe that she must have had them.

THE CORRESPONDENCE regarding Behring sea is so voluminous that but for the official seal that inhabitant of the deep would probably be drowned in it.

OF COURSE, if any man opposes fair federal elections in the south it is natural that he should oppose the Lodge bill; but what a confession his opposition is!

MUSICIANS are generally vain. Thus M. Superiori objected to dying because he was afraid he wouldn't be permitted to wield the baton in the celestial orchestra.

WE DON'T know which of the lady Astors is Mrs. Astor; but a compromise is necessary in all great wars, and we suggest Mrs. Ferguson as the matron best adapted to the emergency.

HENRY IRVING will produce "The Bride of Lammermoor." If Desdemona had been that kind of bride we sometimes think the career of Othello would have been more wholesome.

WE ALWAYS read the *Evening Post* with pleasure, but retire from its perusal with a painful consciousness that there is nothing good this side of the editor of the *Post* and the Virgin Mary.

MRS. STANLEY has given orders that on the next excursion into Africa there is to be no shooting of the untutored savage, and the better to enforce the same will see to it that Henry travels without guns or ammunition.

THE EXTRA GIRLS at the seaside have but one resource. They must be permitted to vote and hold office. That accomplished and they will be so overwhelmed with attention that they will want to drown themselves.

CULTURE IN POLITICS is a fine thing. We could wish it might be applied to the raising of cattle and the buying and selling of merchandise; but unhappily there isn't enough of it to supply the population.

WE LEARN from a Portland (Oregon) dispatch that this government is about to annex Hayti or San Domingo. What's the matter with Cuba? And by the way why shouldn't we annex Spain, Portugal, and the planet Venus?

SOME PAPERS object to the use of state flags in place of the flag of the general government. Oh, well; let us have a compromise in the shape of grandmother's apron. That is as good as anything for an emblem, and there could be nothing more serious than a family quarrel over the particular apron to be selected.

THAT ALWAYS excellent paper, the Boston *Traveller*, says even the brook may dry up. We could wish for less slang in a paper so evenly good; for that term which applies properly to men and women belongs not to the liquid beauty the poets celebrate. Why not say it has evaporated, gone up, slid out, or swizzled?

DURING AN OLD ORCHARD BEACH STROLL.

KIRKEJEAN (*the poet*)—"Don't you like the sough of the pines, Miss Windmere?"
MISS WINDMERE (*from the west*)—"I ain't seen her, but we have so many pigs at home I don't care much about 'em."

TWO FABLES.

(With apologies to Marryat and compliments to the New York Evening Post.)

THERE was once a mother of a babe who desired to procure a nurse to suckle her child. She applied to a chirurgeon who sometimes visited her in times of illness, and he recommended to her a young woman of the neighborhood whose child had lately died. The good mother, unwilling that her babe should imbibe evil with his nurse's milk, examined the applicant in regard to her moral character, and was horrified to learn that the prospective nurse had not been married according to law. "How then," said the mother, "could you have had a child?" "Please, ma-am," replied the prospective nurse, "it was such a little one."

MORAL—This fable teaches that it is wrong to steal a cyclopædia once in a life-time, but is not wrong to steal short stories once a week.

A robber was captured by a citizen as he was leaving a private house. A policeman being called at once relieved the robber of his booty, and with the assistance of the citizen carried the robber before a magistrate. "What excuse have you," said the magistrate, "for breaking into and despoiling another man's house?" "May it please yer honor," said the robber, "I have been doing it for twenty years past, and no magistrate nor policeman has ever before reproved me. It is also the custom of my brothers and sisters and relatives. We have always supposed that the owner was glad to have us advertise his valuables in such a way. Had the owner requested payment from us we would have been glad to pay him. But he never did." "You have evidently been reading the New York *Evening Post*," replied the magistrate; and he forthwith handed the robber over to the executioner.

MORAL—This fable teaches that twenty years of crime is no excuse for the last offense.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

MISS LETTIN—"How's the water?"
COMMERFORD (*who has dived unsuccessfully*)—"H-hard!"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

A BROKER addresses a friend who is about to begin a letter:

"How can you say 'Honorable director' to a man who has done enough to send him to the gallows?"

"Well, what shall I say?"

"Oh, 'My dear confrère,' or anything equally commonplace."

THE SHORT STORY OF AN UN-RESPONDED-TO REQUEST.

CALLAHAN—"The lasht drop gone, an' me dryer than a bone."

MRS. CALLAHAN—"Phwhustle t' th' darg, Jerry! He do be runnin' over t' shnake wan o' Deasey's hins."

CALLAHAN—"Come back here, yez tarrier! Ph"——

——"Wh-ph"——

——"Phwh—p-p—ph"——

——"Phwhus!"——

——"S-s-s-sle-ph!"——

——"Phwhustle fer him yure-silf! Me mout' is too dhry!!"

IN THE SECOND FLOOR FRONT.

OH, FOR the vigor of the gallant days
Ere yet the world was old and worn and meek!
Some savage spark within me is ablaze;
Boldly I speak.

Oh, for the lusty age when might was king!
When brave and bloody freedom sat the throne;
When servile custom was a paltry thing,
Tame law unknown.

When no poor craven stopped with empty curse,
But waded in the life-blood of his foe;
Oh, for that fine old practice—oh, for worse!
Seek you to know

The wherefore of this rage my soul within,
My itching frenzy and my vengeful gall?
That boy who tries to play the violin
Across the hall.

EMMA A. OPPER.

PROVERBS OF STRAUSS.

ALL flesh is grass, bud occasionally dhere vos a daisy amongst it got.

Brosperity vos harder to bear dan vos adwersity, bud you couldn't shcare me mit dot. Pring on your brosperity!

Der most beeples could seen a tollar mitout a telepone-scope, bud vhen dey looks at relichion dey must a shmoked glass brovide.

Dis gountry grows so fast dot if der boliticians didn't gif her blenty exercise she would peen veak unt spindling. Vot you dink?

Gontentment besser vos dan wealth, bud if Columpus peen gontented America vos now peen inhapited py mugwumps, und der preaking-waves-dashed-high bilgrims vould peen grinding sausage now in Holland, ain'd it?

A. T. WORDEN.

A DIPLOMAT.

WEBSTER—"Julius!"
CALHOUN—"I'm listenin'."
WEBSTER—"Jest let me pull yer down where it's warmer an' more comf'table." (*Soothingly and insinuatingly*)—"Good doggie—good doggie!"

MAKING THE WHEELS GO ROUND.

WITH many a dash and curve and hitch,
And often with a header,
She wheels about and in and out,
But never is a "deader";
For, oh, the summer girl of yore
Looks tame as she recedeth,
Beside the maid with sparkling eyes
Who just for one ride pleadeth.

A. A.

IN SKISTEEPLE FLATS.

ON THE seventh floor, of a summer night.

"Papa, does Satan build flats to roast his folks in?"

"Why, no, my child."

"Then let's ask if we can't go there. My Sunday-school teacher says heaven 's lots higher 'n the earth, and (with a tired little gasp) I don't think I could bear it."

AN INTERRUPTED COLLECTION.

DEACON WHITTREDGE (*a confirmed entomologist*)—"If that isn't a real *lepidoptera asiaticus* I'm a pagan!"

FANCY HIS FEELINGS.

AS WE have before remarked, Jones is lacking in tact. Being present at a funeral the other day he was moved to remark, "Poor fellow! with his build he should have lived to a hundred."

Then turning to his neighbor, who happened to be the family physician, he added, "I believe, sir, that you attended him in his last illness?"

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

THE CONVERSATION had turned on Mademoiselle Three Stars, who resembles a skeleton, when some one said that she had lately grown quite stout.

"You mean," said her best friend, who was present, "that she is less thin."

THE ANNOYANCES OF YOUTH.

DUNPHY—"I can hardly keep away from you, Polly, you look so much like a siren."
POLLY—"I'm sure I don't feel like one."
DUNPHY—"Don't you?"
POLLY—"No. Sirens lured *men*, I believe."

YES, OR NO?

THE big barn doors stood open wide
And a fiddler sat on either side;
Red lanterns hung on the beams a score
And lighted the barn from roof to floor.
The rough-board walls and the piled-up hay,
The girls' sweet faces and ribbons gay,
And the boys who had pulled off their coats to stay
And dance it out till the morning.

How light they pattered, the nimble feet,
While clapping palms to the music beat,
And now and then through the dizzy whirl
Rang a merry shriek as some breathless girl
Was swung by her partner off the ground
In the clasp of his arm round, round, and round;
The hills laughed back to the laughing sound,
Ah! many a time ere the morning.

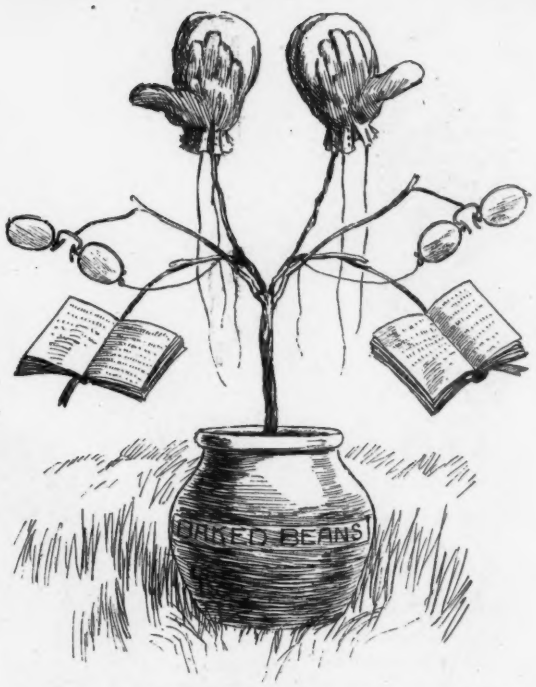
I sat in a corner against the hay.
I had brought her there, but that didn't say
I might fetch her back again; so I sat
And I held her shawl—oh, I clung to that!
I couldn't dance and I wouldn't try,
But as she glided and slided by
With the other fellows, I swore that I
Should take her home in the morning.

Well, so when the dawn broke east and west
And the last dance ended—the last and best—
I walked right over. It seemed the noise
Stopped still of a sudden; the girls and boys
Looked—smiling, waiting—I didn't fall,
But I straightened myself and stood up tall
And said, "When you're ready—well, here's your shawl,
And we'll tell the folks good-morning."

And she—God bless her—(I saw a smile
In her beautiful, sleepy eyes the while)
She said, "All right!"—not another word—
But a sweeter by man was never heard.
The joy of it made me chill and pale
As she took her bonnet down from a nail
And searched about for her missing veil
In the growing light of the morning.

And oh, to think of that lonely walk
Through the dim, gray fields and our foolish talk,
And the words I said ere her noisy gate
Had closed between us like bars of fate!
But whether my heart beat high or low
What matters now? 'Tis so long ago
Since she whispered that "yes"—or was it "no"?
In the still, soft dawn of the morning.

M. S. BRIDGES.



A BOSTON SUGGESTION FOR THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

AN ACCIDENT AT THE CHURCH FESTIVAL.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES—"The Plunkerville silver-cornet band will now play a refrain while little Gertie Bates recites 'The Soldier's Dream.'"

HOW HE HAPPENED TO FAIL.

"SENATOR STANFORD made his first dollar by selling horseradish," remarked Snively.

"That accounts for my poverty," added Snodgrass. "I don't know horseradish when I see it."

HER JUDGMENT IN ERROR.

Agnes—"I had begun to think that Harry Meredith was a charming fellow, but I'm afraid my judgment was in error."

Sara—"What makes you think that?"

Agnes—"I have just heard that he comes from Brooklyn."

CAUGHT.

"WHY, child, what are you doing?" asked a mother trout as her youngest was being drawn rapidly out of the water.

"Just foraging on my own hook," replied the little trout, and it was landed.

A DIFFICULT PROFESSION.

DR. B., on being asked to write in an album, penned these lines: "The thing that most astonishes a young physician is to find how difficult patients are to obtain and how easy to lose."

CONTENTMENT.

I HAVE no bonds, I am no millionaire,
I cannot boast of beauty or of place;
I have no pictures, bric-à-brac or lace;
No calf-bound books or other volumes rare
With which to ease my woes or banish care;
No charming Helen—fairest of her race,
All full of gentleness and high-born grace—
Bestows her smiles to lessen my despair.
But then the sun for me doth always shine,
And I care little for the world's applause;
The flowers are mine and all their fragrancy,
And I'm not going to mope, complain, or pine.
I may as well be satisfied, because
There's no way out of it—I *have* to be!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

WHERE PATRIOTISM ENDED.

Dotkins (after a long day of play)—"Oh, mamma, I's dust so awful tired if I 's a flag I couldn't wave a mite!"

GERTIE—"Far from hith motherth thide th' tholdier boy wath"——
ELSON HUTCHINS (*on the bass tuba*)—"Rum-de-dar-r-r!!!"

MOWING

The politicians of both parties will have to lie particu

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

ING DOWN!

particu low to escape the new power in the political field.

IN THE MORNING.

"The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire."—*Jer.* VII. 18.

WHEN I git up o' mornin's fer to
light the kitchen fire
An' watch the blaze go creepin' up the
chimbly higher an' higher,
A-snappin' an' a-cracklin' with exhilerratin' roar,
A-sendin' out the warmness clair acrost
the puncheon floor,
An' I kneel down to toast my shins an'
rub my horny hands
An' see the sparks a-flashin' back from
mother's shiny pans,
My feelin's goes to warblin' like a bluebird on a spire—
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light
the kitchen fire.

An' then the room gits good an' warm,
the kettle starts to bile,
An' mother potters down the stairs an'
stan's an' yawns a while,
An sez, "Now, pap, you go an' rouse them sleepy boys o' yours,
Fer it's snowin' an' the's lots to do besides the mornin' chores."
An' then she breshes up the hearth with that old turkey-wing
An' stoops an' pulls her stockin's up an' ties 'em with a string,
An' Towser yawns an' stretches out an' acts a little shyer
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

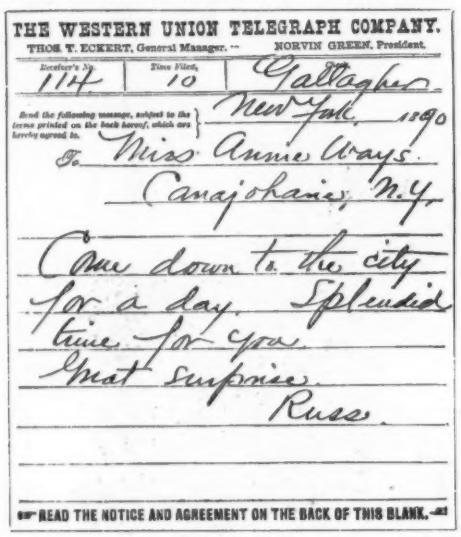
An' when the boys come trompin' in an' scrouge around an' spat
An' kick the dog an' poke the fire an' set down on the cat,
The coffee-pot 's b'iled over an' the biscuit 's steamin' hot,
The sassidges jest brown enough, the breakfast-table sot,
An' mother sez, "Fetch up the cheers," an' pours the coffee out—
My cup runs over with a joy the rest don't know about;
Fer the blessin's of the Lord to me 's a-daily drawin' nigher
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

TEACHING THE NEW BOY THE NEW GAME.

CHIEF CONSPIRATOR—"It's called 'picking th' golden fruit,' yer know. These fellers is supposed t' be dragons a-guardin' th' tree, an' all you've got t' do is t' say 'Dragons, avaunt! I want them treasures!' an' you gits 'm."
THE NEW BOY—"Dragoon's aunt! I want them"—— (*He got them.*)

NOT UP TO HER EXPECTATIONS.



THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.
THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager. — NORVIN GREEN, President.

Receiver's No. 114 | Time Filed, 10 | Gallagher

Send the following message, subject to the terms printed on the back hereof, which are hereby agreed to. } New York, 1890

To Miss Annie Ways.
Canajoharie, N.Y.

Come down to the city for a day. Splendid time for you. Great surprise.
Russ.

READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT ON THE BACK OF THIS BLANK.

THE MESSAGE.

DIDN'T STOP TO THINK.

HE WAS concluding his story of a rapid ride on a train and said, "We went a mile a minute."

"Why, Charles!" put in his wife, "we went faster than that. I'll wager the train went a mile in two minutes."

INGERSOLL DEFENDS THE WEED.

METHINKS that with a gentle chaw
I will again myself refresh;
'Twill be most welcome to the jaw
And salutary to the flesh.

The heart grows light, the brain grows clear,
The balm of nicotine amid;
The ills of life all disappear
In presence of ye noble quid.

For me contentment, peace, and ease
When this best friend of man I tackle;
Then 'twixt these molars let me squeeze
The pungent herb whose praise I cackle.

JOHN TALMAN.

YOUR faults to others you should never mention;
Your friends will give that duty due attention.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

RUSS—"Tell 'm all where you've been when you get home, won't you?"

MAKING PREPARATIONS.

"NOW I'm ready for the summer boarders," exclaimed Farmer Meddergrass.

"What have you done?"

"Sold the cow."

ALL IN ONE.

MAUD is pretty,
Ida witty,
Learned is Kitty,
Much of good has faithful Delia done;
Ah, how entertaining Emma!
Clara's stylish, Ruth is zealous,
But I am in no dilemma,
And you never need be jealous,
For in you I have them all in one.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

AT LONG BEACH.

He—"Why do you call this a sun umbrella?"

She—"Because it has spots on it."

DAMAGED BY WATER.

Larkin—"A water-spout has done a great deal of damage in Iowa."

Snodgrass—"Oh, yes; these prohibition speech-makers do more harm than good."

The enterprising business man is hewing out his way to success with well-directed blows from his ads.—*Binghamton Leader.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Temperance reformer—"Have you ever taken the pledge?" *Toper*—"No; but I've taken everything else."—*Van Dorn's Magazine.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Mr. Bipps—"That medicine I took this morning makes me feel like another man." *Mrs. Bipps*—"Well, I hope to goodness you are."—*Epoch.*

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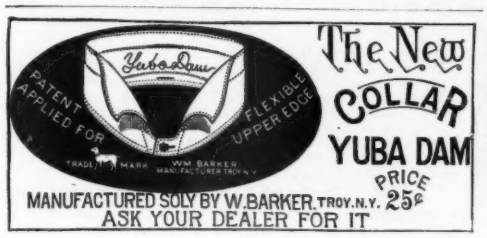

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The Maori women of New Zealand are killing themselves trying to wear corsets since they have seen them on the missionary women.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A coal-dealer of Springfield, Mass., has failed. There is, then, some balm in Gilead. Let the haughty iceman reflect! Let him meditate and realize that, even now, while he boasts in the plenitude of power and exults in the magnificence of wealth, eternal justice still reigns, and he, even he, in the day of his exultation may be cast down, and in the full noontide of his pride may be humbled.—*Chicago Times.*

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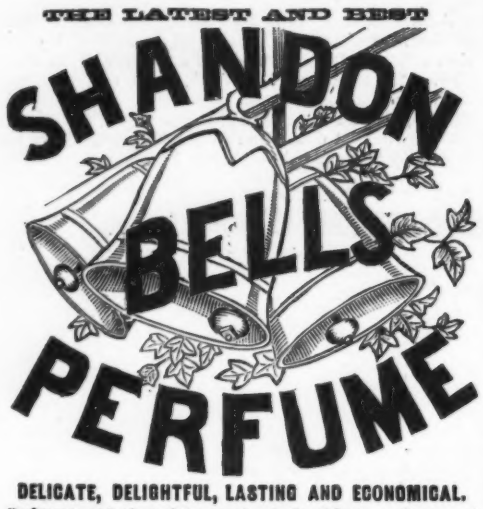

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For the paterfamilias who stands upon the beach and listens to the wild waves, the sounds of their breaking has a mournful significance.—*Baltimore American.*

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Thare iz this difference between talent and genius—one iz a blood houn' that follows only by scent, the other a gray houn' that runs only by sight.—*Josh Billings.*

The west, howe'er its greatness may
In ears be dinned,
We must admit doth know the way
To raise the wind.—*New York Press.*

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made, whether taken pure or with wines or liquors AND OTHER CORDIALS.

Polonius—"What do you read, my lord?" *Hamlet*—"Words, words, words." *Polonius*—"Ah! let me see the *Congressional Record* when you are through with it."—*Washington Post.*

By an original and improved method of constructing the frame, the far-famed Sohmer piano acquires extraordinary strength, and is enabled to sustain the enormous tensional strain of the strings.

THE NEW HOLLENDEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the most magnificent hotel in the west. American and European plans.

UNNOTICED 'MID THE THRONG.

A warrior bold from the Congo state
And a maiden from Zanzibar
Eloped one night when the hour was late,
And sailed o'er the ocean far.
They sailed and sailed, for the wind was fair,
And gave not a thought for the clothes they'd wear.

They sailed and sailed, and landed one day
On the beach near some big hotels,
And the Zanzibar girl met the bathers gay,
And swam with the fair-haired belles.
And they marveled much at her color and pose,
But none of them saw that she had no clothes.
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

A man named John Johnson, said to be from Chicago, is under arrest at Cincinnati for attempting to rob and murder a hotel clerk there. People should not be too ready to believe that such a wretch hails from the second city of the continent. No person of that name has been missed by Chicago. People who live in the suburban villages of a great city are much inclined to claim that city as their place of residence, and in all probability Johnson will prove to be a citizen of Milwaukee or St. Louis.—*Chicago Times.*

SKIN DISEASES Piles, Pimples, Granulated Eyelids Permanently Cured by COLLIVER'S HERMIT SALVE. 50 Cents Box. 162 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Man, irreverent, trifling man, should abstain from sneers at womankind till he has learned to hold a plate of ice-cream on his lap without toeing in.—*Elmira Gazette.*

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Judge—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" *Witness*—"Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."—*Binghamton Leader.*

Maud—"Jack proposed to me when we were in the surf together yesterday." *Ethel*—"And did you accept him?" *Maud*—"Yes; I was afraid he would duck me if I didn't."—*New York Sun.*

The schoolma'am seeks vacation's joys,
Her labors being done,
And she who tanned the little boys
Is now tanned by the sun.—*Boston Courier.*

Young Silykin (complacently)—"Bah Jove! that's the thud gaal I've knocked clean out to-day. Can't think what they can see in me to get so devilished mashed d'rectly." She was wondering how he got loose.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

He only shaved clean once a week,
And when he died his widow bought
A cactus plant and kissed it oft;
Thus was he to her mem'ry brought.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

Major Crust—"So you refuse me, Miss Fondant?" *Miss Fondant*—"I am very sorry, Major Crust, but your son has just proposed to me and I accepted him." *Major Crust*—"Good gracious! You don't mean to say the boy has been such an ass?"—*London Tid-Bits.*

Annie Rooney of Wilmington, Del., has applied for a pension. It is queer how soon a popular thing gets to be old. Annie Rooney has not been sung more than six months, and she already thinks herself old enough to have served in the war. At that rate, Dan McGinty must be nearly old enough to be a veteran of 1812.—*Binghamton Republican.*

The sun has settled 'neath the hill,
The dew has settled on the grass,
The birds that circle o'er the mill
All pause and settle ere they pass.
The miser's settled at his till,
The moth has settled in the flame,
And I alone, with that small bill,
Am ever constant—still the same.
—*Washington Post.*

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H. MICHELSEN, ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Der gelt dat does der most goot vas der pennies dat vas shlowfully earned.

Vhen der coopons by der bonds of wedlock vas cut off, dhen comes unhabbiness, oxtremely.

Der passport to der tuyfel's boarding-house vas rum, und vhen you go dhere he gifs you a supper of misery und such t'ings.

Der feller dat can vhittle a pooty goot character out of der rough chibs of efery-day life he vas ondidled to haf a goot abetite on his tomb-shtone.

Der school-house of oxberience vas a pooty oxbensive place to buy an edukation in, but dhere vas a much goot many fellers dot vill learn somet'ing in no odder places.

Vhen you shtart yourself out on der ocean of life dot 's besser you don'd put on more sail vat you can shtand. It vas der preponderiferousness of sail dot upsot your boats.

Now lugs the basket to the train
The picnicker, and waits
And mops and mops his brow again
About the depot gates.
Still clings he to the same old myth
And still as best he can
Makes dollar peace for trespass with
The sturdy husbandman.
Still will he hunt the garter-snake,
Still try to climb a tree,
Still intimate acquaintance make
With the big bumble-bee.
Still in the gloaming seek the town,
Stung, scratched, and nearly done,
Burned to a blister or a brown,
Still call the process "fun."

—*Chicago Journal.*

"Mabel," faltered the youth in the gorgeous blazer, "I am deeply disappointed. The partiality you have shown for my society during the many little excursions we have taken together, and the delightful little evening—or—lunches we have had since the summer season began, led me to expect a different answer." "Because I have looked upon you as an agreeable escort to picnics and lawn-tennis parties and for summer-evening promenades, you have regarded yourself as my accepted lover, have you, George?" "And it is because I have been available for these things," he said indignantly, "that you have accepted my attentions, is it? You regard me merely as a summer lover, I presume?" "That is about the case, George," replied the maiden as she dug a hole in the sandy beach with the end of her parasol. "I have looked upon you as a lover in a picnickian sense only."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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The farmer who exhibits the big carrot at the county fair has every reason to expect a prize. He knows his carrot can't be beet."—*Elmira Gazette.*

When all the wind shall have been extracted from the Minneapolis census returns there are likely to be renewed disturbances throughout the northwestern tornado belt.—*Chicago News.*

PATHS.

The path that leads to a loaf of bread
Winds through the swamps of toil,
And the path that leads to a suit of clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil;
And the paths that lead to a loaf of bread
And the suit of clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a house of your own
Climbs over the bowldered hills,
And the path that leads to a bank-account
Is swept by the blast that kills;
But the men who start in the paths to-day
In the lazy hills may go astray.

In the lazy hills are trees of shade
By the dreamy brooks of sleep,
And the rollicking river of pleasure laughs
And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of the winter come,
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the lazy hills,
When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a bank-account
And the path to a house of their own;
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.
—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

DISSOLVES STONE IN THE BLADDER.

A case stated by Dr. C. H. S. Davis of Meriden, Conn., in the "*New England Medical Monthly*" for July, 1890. See page 469 of that journal.

Mr. R. L. Roys, of this city, consulted me about two years ago for stone in the bladder, from which he had been suffering for a number of years. On my suggestion he commenced the use of the Buffalo Lithia Water, as he was very much opposed to operative interference. After using the water for a short time, disintegration to a certain extent took place and large quantities of stone were passed. For several days in succession, he passed as much as a teaspoonful of the debris, and at intervals for a considerable period he passed large quantities, and under the continued use of the water, there was a constant passage of calculi until he was entirely relieved of his trouble.

The photograph sent herewith is a correct representation and exact size of some of the largest specimens of calculi discharged by Mr. Roys. A chemical and microscopical analysis showed that they are uric acid with a trace of the oxalate of lime.

WATER IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN HALF-GALLON BOTTLES, $5.00, F. O. B. HERE.

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IT SAVES CONSTANT REPAIRING.

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[MENTION THIS PAPER.]

Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to pay two thousand dollars a year to send a boy to Harvard.—*Life.*

She had sent off a telegram and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving-machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion, "That's from George, I know. I can tell his stutter."—*Philadelphia Times.*

I love the rhymic stutter of the mower on the lawn,
As it rouses me from sluggard sleep and tells me it is morn.
Ah, yes; I dearly love it;
But the man who has to shove it
I'll bet a silver dollar wishes he had not been born.
—*New Haven News.*

A Texas debating society recently had for a subject, "Is it proper to sound the *r* in dorg?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Be not downcast, oh, weary heart,
Though skeeters bite you thro' and thro',
This compensation has its part,
The weakfish now are biting too.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"I am sorry for you, Willie," said the surgeon, as he got his implements and bandages ready, "but a part of the finger will have to be amputated. I trust it will be a lesson to you, and that when the next fourth of July comes you will let the dangerous toy-cannon"—"Doctor," said Willie, shutting his teeth hard together, "just say nothing and saw bone."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Pears' Soap

has been established in London **100 YEARS** both as a **COMPLEXION** and as a **SHAVING SOAP**, has obtained **19** INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is now sold in every city of the world.

It is the purest, cleanest, finest,
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for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES; and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers* throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable. **PEARS' SOAP** can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, BUT BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, *as there are worthless imitations.*

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

As a reward for taking successive doses of rhubarb, Duncan is allowed to go down town for the day.

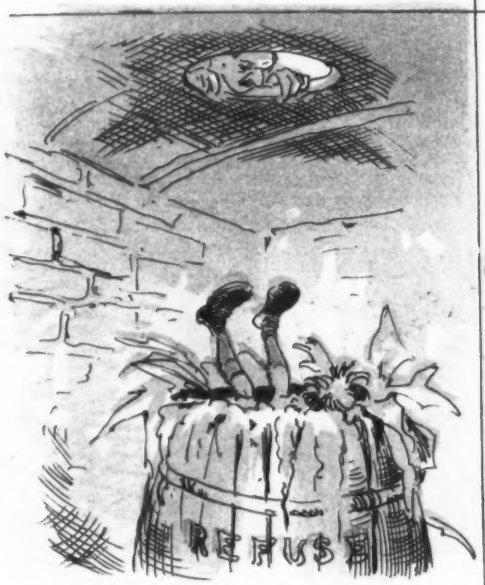
He is told on his arrival to play about and amuse himself, but not to annoy anybody.

Then the trouble begins. The errand-boy starts the ball.

The porter fails to see him until it's too late.

The engineer makes a mistake with the hose.

The head salesman inadvertently upsets a pile of cassimeres.



The junior partner leaves the elevator guard open——

——And after being brought out of the trance into which the sudden descent threw him, the head book-keeper fills him so full of unripe fruit that——

——The family physician has an all-night tour of duty at his bedside.

GOOD LITTLE DUNCAN, AND HIS DAY AT THE OFFICE WITH PAPA.